

velcomed to Batoka land. The Nuchr tribe of the Nile country The Nuehr tribe of the Nile country have a mode of salutation peculiarly their own. When Petherick, the traveler, came among these people he was accorded the reception given to persons of high degree. The Nuehr chief who entered the traveler's tent grasped the white man's hand, and deliberately spat in it. After a moment of silence he repeated the process. Petherick's first impulse was to resent the indignity by knocking the fellow down, but, restraining his indig-

Welcome to Botoka

Dr Livingstons

At this season of the year a great many but trees close for re-pears.

A dother relationship exists between the lade and his tailor.

W. H. S. IT DON'T INTERVERE

echplural Salut

me-ball. The exportations, however, re-maintifullis steady down to 1884, and dur-ing the part three years have only fallen of dightiys—that is, from \$400 to 2,700 heatol-rines, was, in fact, met by the re-exportation of Spenials and Italian wines, for the delecta-tion of commisseum in England and Ger-many who could never be induced to touch them if they knew where they came from he 1888 France imported \$1,000 heatolitres of wine and axported 2,700. The low in capital hyrough the destruction of the vineyaris is allowed at \$100,000,000, but this has in part language up by the conversion of Spanish than wines into "wound wholesame

Out of season—An empty carter.

Speaking about "doubtful States," let us not forget the state of indecision.

"You need arrest," as the policeman said to the man whose load of mountain dew had note him tired.

on by

of New Guines the ceremony of greeting consists of pinching. The person who bestows the welcome pinches the tip of the other's nose with the finger and thumb of the right hand, while with the left he pinches the middle of

Throughout the world—and we touched it in various places wit compass of this article—the ods of salutation are no and strange. Bome people themselves civilized have welcomes, while others classed the wild tribes salute in a because

We have not mentioned royal receptions, as they do not belong to the purpose of this paper. We know that our President submits to a very trying ordeal of handshaking, and that the scions of civilized royalty welcome their subjects with ceremonies too elaborate for our republican senses. The good old custom of handshaking holds sway over a great portion of the globe, and the jolly greeting of "How are you, old bay?" finds its equivalent in many a tongue. The tipping of hats, so prevalent nowadays, is a salutation of courtesy, which keeps its hold on society; but after all the most expressive welcome is given when hand meets hand and eye responds to eye.

MICE IN HIS POCKET.

- MICE IN HIS POCKET, Troq

Everybody has heard Daniel Webster's story of the New Hampshire parson who put on a pair of pants in which the waspe had built a nest and did not make the discovery until he was in the pulpit. He had just announced the beginning of the text, "The spirit of the Lord is in my mouth—" when the pesky little fellows got in their work, and the sentence was concluded with the exclamation, "and the devil is in my breaches."

work, and the sentence was concluded with the exclamation, "and the devil is in my breeches."

A St. Paul clergyman found himself in nearly as embarrassing a position as the New Hampshire person when last Sunday he appeared in the pulpit wearing a pair of fall trousers which had been hanging in the wardrobe during the long summer vacation. The wasps had not found them out, but a motherly old mouse had. She had spread a nice warm couch of sealskin plackings in the right-hand pocket of the trousers, into which an even half-dozen of one-day-old micelets had been tucked away. It is a favorite gesture of the clergyman in question when about to approach a climax in the sermon to thrust his right hand in his trousers pocket and elevate the left with the forefinger extended.

It so happened on this particular day that Elijah's translation was the theme. The good prophet had been followed by the eloquent preacher until the climax of the ascension in a chariot of fire was reached, when the clergyman thrust his right hand into his trousers pocket. The audience, who had been hanging on the burning words of the orator, were no little startled by the sudden collapse of the uplifted left hand, the index finger of which was in the act of pointing to the gates that were being lifted up to let the prophet in. The expression of a momentary pang shot scross the preacher's face as with a convulsive jerk the other hand was brought up from the pocket. A glance at its contents, a quick squeezing together of the hand, the light thud of something dropping behind the light thud of something dropping behind the pulpit, an amused smile on the face for second and then the glowing theme was resumed. Only those who sat on the front row in the amen corner heard what the preacher said when he discovered the mice in his hand. "Well, I'll Be doggoned?" was sufficient.—St. Faul Globe.

A CHICAGO GIBL.

Sold Her Old Shakspears to Buy Bacon's and be in Style.

A man who goes out a good deal in society and then comes back to his club to retail what he saw and heard tells me this:

what he saw and heard tells me this:

"I was spending the evening at the house of a friend on the North Side, who is a common-sense fellow, but who is the father of a pretty and addle-headed girl who knows more about the gush of the seaside than she does of everyday things. Her father and I were talking about this 'myptogram' of Ignatius Donnelly, by which he proves, to himself at least, that Bacon wrote Shakspeare. The young lady thought it was a peare. The young lady thought it was a good time to go on parade and did it by re-marking that she had that day sold her old Shakspeare and had written to a bookseller to send her the new one by Bacon. And yet the lightning skips this home every time it comes around."

comes around."

This is perhaps the same young lady who made Charlie McDonald turn crimson the other day by inquiring for Shaggard's "He."

—Chicago Med.

AN ODD TIMEPIECE.

A Watch With Only One Wheel and That at the Bettem of the Case.

A watch having but one wheel is still in existence in France; though manufactured in Paris more than 100 years ago. This watch was presented to the National Institute in 1790, being then in a deplorable state; but under the skillful treatment of an expert, harmony between the various organs was successfully re-established, so that it is even now in soing order. The great wheel, which successfully re-established, so that it is even now in going order. The great wheel, which gives the watch its name, occupies the bottom of the case and the center of the plate; it has sixty teeth and is thirty-three mm: in diameter; its axle carries two pinions, one of which receives the motive force from a barrel, and the other carries the minute work. The function of this great wheel is quadruple. First, it acts on a lift, then on a laver operating on another, destined to lower the axis of the watch, and lastly on a third lever, the latter serving a return power to the great wheel at the moment when the action releats by the rise of the axis.

A Becent Find. A fine glass wase, just discovered in an Etruscan tomb at Bologna, is of sea-green color, like a soda-water bottle, thick and of a unique form, with two handles. It is nine inches high and without ornamentation. There is not a single defect, flaw, quack or chip, about it. With it was found an ivory chair, made after the fashion of a moderacamp stool, having all its screws and rivets still in perfect condition, and a small casket containing beads and some very elegant articles in bronss. The articles are supposed to date from the fifth century. The tomb in which they were found was closed at the top by an emormous globular mass of stone as fresh as if it had only been fashioned yesterday.—Indicage.

nation, he returned the compliment with considerable amphasis. This seemed to delight the chief, and the traveler was released to see his attendants subjected to the same barbarous welcome.

The Ashirs have a sort of salutation which they call "Kombo." These wild received M. du Cheillu with all ting ceremonies peculiar to them. enchman was welcomed by a very a who had covered his face with and red stripes. The old fellow mass of wrinkles, and presented a whom he had made the seement was the seement of the seement when he had made the seement was the seement when he had made the seement was the seement when he had made the seement with the seement was the seement with the seement was the seement when the seement was the seement when the seement was the seement was the seement was the seement when the seement was the seement was the seement was the seement was the seement when the seement was the seement was the seement was the seement was the seement when the seement was the seement was the seement when the seement was the seement A French Officer.

A French lieutenant of hussars left the army to marry a girl who was too poor to bring him the dowry a woman has to have to marry a French officer. He went to work for \$50 a month; his wife fell ill, he ran into debt, and finally couldn't get anybody to treat him for milk, which was the only thing that would keep his wife affer. So he stole some milk, get caught at it, and although when arralemed the magistrate let him go, his wife was just dying when he got again to her bedside. He waited for her last sigh, and then lay down by her side and blew out his brains.—Exchange.

THE COWBOYS.



THE COWBOYS.

CONTRACTORING CONTRACTION CHARTS

LATA OUT WEST.

**LATA OUT WES

ern man or woman who looked at them. Had it been said that they were farm-hands on a holiday, or even idlers of the town, store clerks, carpenters, porters, or what not, no one would have wondered. But cowboys! Why, there was not a pistol to be seen on

the person of one of them. There was not a pair of fringed leggings in the crowd. There was not a leather jacket among them. They were a band of young fellows in rather coarse and not always well-fitting clothes, with sunburned faces, wide brim—just such men as we had been seeing ever since we left Portland, Ore., and the Pacific coast. There was one horse, the typical cayoose of the plains, hitched to the platform, and while the train waited a tall, finely-featured fellow with a jet black mustache and spurs on his small, neat boots called out to another, "Kin I take him?" and instantly flung himself on the little beast, clapped his heels against the pony's side and was off like the wind. Everybody looked, for it was a graceful and spirited bit of horsemanship, and all saw the rider and pony turn the far corner of the business buildings and disappear. In an incredibly short space of time the tattoo of the fleet little hoofs was heard again and the man had returned, leaped from the pony to the platform and was chatting with the others.

"Clowbove" and the Pacific coast. There with the marvelous accuracy of marksmasship born of constant practice with platols, which is one of the Characteristics of these centaurs of the West, the cowboy began shooting with great rapidity, first with one revolver and then with another, and another, in such a way as to outline the entire upper half of the bartender's form with bullets that literally scraped the clothes of the victim. Whatever was in the way of the bullets was shattered, including a mirror, everal bottles, a vase of flowers and I know not what all, but the bartender was not once acratched. The next day the same cowboy entered the same saloon and said: "Make out a bill for what damage I did. I was drunker'n a boiled owl when I mussed up your place yesterday."

In Victoria, I met one of those Englishmen met with in all out-of-the-way places and with whom England peoples all the tracks of travel, who had been apparently everywhere in the world. He knew the Natal country as you know the tendency toward soft hats of rather

ting with the others. "Cowboys?" said the brakeman of the Pullman sleeper. "I guess you'd think they were if you had been right on this latform three months ago. We had a conductor who was a very pompous sort of a man, very haughty and apt to swell out his chest and walk around like a drum major when he thought any one was looking at him. Few men put on airs of that sort in this part of the country, and, though it was his nature and he could not help it, this way of his attracted a great deal of attention. One day the cowboys were here in full force. They had just finished their round-up, and had been drinking enough to make them feel first rate. They made up their minds to have some fun with this conductor that I speak of. Along came the train and he came with it, standing on the platform with one arm out ready for the grand tragedy actor's wave he always gave as he sang out the name of the place. But he never waved that time. His arm was grabbed and he was

time. His arm was grabbed and he was pulled into the middle of the ring the cowboys had formed.

"'Now, come off your stilts and dance us a jig,' said the leader.

"Really, gentlemen..."

"Bang, bang, went two revolvers. Bvery cow-puncher had taken out his gun and simed it at the conductor's feet.

"'Dance, or we will shoot the shoes off your feet,' said the leader. Bang, bang, bang went the revolvers again.

"Did he dance? You had better believe he did. He jigged and shuffled and flung his legs around like a-well, not like a dancing-master, for he had never done so undignified a thing as to dance before in his life, but rather like a call stung by a million hornests. When the bore yot sired they put up that plately and walked away and he got off with his true. He was madder then a way the

man," said the cowboy, instantly leveling his pistol at the bartender. "I like your pose and want to print a picture of you on the wall."

all the tracks of travel, who had been apparently everywhere in the world. He knew the Natal country as you know the pocket of your coat; he had lived in the Australian bush; he had dined with Kalakaus and roamed the Rocky Mountains, and had his feet washed and a guest's nightgown brought to him by a young girl in Iceland, as is the custom there. One trip of his had been taken in consequence of reading of the wild

guest's nightgown brought to him by a young girl in Iceland, as is the custom there. One trip of his had been taken in consequence of reading of the wild life in the Black Hills country a few years ago, and after a time spent there he drifted through the range, or cowboy country. I will repeat to you some of the things he said he had noticed about the cowboys, and in his exact language, but I regret to say that I cannot hope to make it appear as it did to me, for his tone, and manner and facial expressions were as peculiar as his words.

"The cowboys are a rum set of beggahs," said he; "as good a lot of rough-and-ready boys as you'll run across in the wide world. They are a little wild at times, you know, but, bleas you, they mean no harm. I got into a town one night and it was filled with these fellows all 'flush' as they call it—when they've plenty of money—a condition so unusual with them that they always hasten to spend every penny in order to feel natural again. They were riding up and down the street and shooting right and left like wild Indians in a battle. What they were shooting about I really can't say as I thought myself safer indoors than if I went out and ran into one of their bullets. The next day there was a poor clark bending over a desk in one of their bullets. The next day there was a poor clark bending over a desk in one of their bullets. The next day there was a poor clark bending over a desk in one of their bullets. The next day there was a poor clark bending over a desk in one of their bullets. The next day there was a poor clark bending over a desk in one of their bullets. The next day there was a poor clark bending over a desk in one of their bullets. The next day there was a poor clark bending over a desk in one of the stores, don't you know, setting down his sales and saying not a word to apphody, when up rode a drunken cowboy on his pony, dashed into the store through the open doorway, whipped out his devilish revolver and shot the poor clark has there are their days are there are the

cowboy life, are of Mexican origin. The cowboy dress, the "chaps," or chapparels, he wears as leggings, the whip he carries and calls his "quirt," his broad lightbrown hat, his great spurs and heavy stirrups, his ornate saddle, his peculiar language—all are Mexican, and all have followed his progress up from the first grazing plains of Mexico to those of Texas, and thus northward to the Canadian line. The cowboys are mainly from the Southern States—the best of them from Tennessee and Kentucky—though there are a few from the Eastern and Middle States. Almost all who have clung to the cowboy life spent their youth as farmers' sons. They lead a life of hard work and exposure, and are paid only \$50 a month during eight months of the year. Important as they have been in the past, they will shortly become more so, for all signs point to the abandonment of the big ranches, and the cowboys are likely soon to become the only ranchmen, half herders and half farmers, for the grass is so short and the winter so severe that each ranchero must provide fodder each ranchero must provide fodder against the days when snow fill cover the plain. For years the most ambitious ones among the cow-punchers (as they are called in their own country) have been establishing themselves in the business in small ways, and it looks as though the rich men who have of late been so disastrously pursued by bad luck in ranching will soon abandon the grazing country, leaving it dotted with small ranches owned by the men who used to be their assistants. Julian Raife.

DINAH MARIA CRAIK.

The Death of the Author of "John Hall-fax, Gentleman."

A dispatch from London announces the death of Dinah Maria Mulock, the authorem. She was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, Stafford-shire, England, in 1826. Her father, who shire, England, in 1826. Her father, who had been a clergyman, died, leaving a widow, a daughter, and two sons to struggle along on a small annuity. Mrs. Mulock died before the children were fully grown, and the annuity perishing with her, the responsibility of earning such a living for herself and brothers that she might keep them with her-devolved upon the daughter. She tried litera-ture and succeeded, a publisher accepting her-first story and paying well for it. With her pen she provided for and educated her brothers, one of whom, as soon as he had cor his education, went to South America, where he died, while the younger was accidentally killed soon after he became able to share her burden. Miss Mulock found in her literary burden. Miss Mulock found in her literary work a relief from the sadness of her position, and applied herself diligently and with increased success to the writing of stories. Her first novel, "The Ogilvies," appeared in 1849, and was followed a year later by "Olive," the latter making permanent the fame obtained by the former. "Alice Learmont" and "The Head of the Family" appeared in 1852, and in 1852 "Agatha's Husband" was welcomed by readers who were glad to welcome each of her succeeding novels and to note that each was an improvement upon its predeces-or.

come each or her source come each or her predeces or.

Miss Mulock reached the zenith of her predeces or.

Miss Mulock reached the zenith of her power in 1857, when "John Halifax, Gentleman," appeared, a story which is universally concaded to be her masterpiece. Among other novels she wrote were "A Life for a Life," "Christian's Mistake," "Two Marringes" and "A Noble Life," and among writings of another kind were collections of fugitive papers, several books for young people, a volume of poema and other works.

In 1865 Miss Mulock married Captain George Lillie Craik, an officer in the English army, and their married life, although the husband was some years the junior ohis wife, was happy. Of late years she lives in the vicinity of Richmond. Miss Mulock in the vicinity of Richmond. Miss Mulock in the reductions, and "John Halifax" was claimed by Mrs. Granville Whyte, but, in letter to a gentleman of New York, Mis Mulock acknowledged the authorship that novel and of the preceding volumes.